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I Never Knew What I Was Supposed to Be.



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Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

She walked cautiously to the door that answered all her secrets. She didn't believe in magic but she was certain that it had to be in the air surrounding her. When she touched the knob of the door she felt as though she had been shocked with a random jolt of electricity.

Done with all the suspense she flung the door open. It banged against the wall as she flew in. As the door clicked shut behind her- she stood perfectly still. There in front of her was a man who was dressed in a cold black suit.

"And I suppose you must be looking for me."

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"Have you been hiding in here this entire time?" she asked over the cup of tea. The suited man sighed.

"Well, it was more spacious than a lamp."

She nodded. "Understandable. Your master must have been a kind man. Mine sealed me away in a McDonald's toilet."

"Who the hell rubs a toilet expecting a genie?"

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"I think that was the point
made the wishes. I guess I

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though it was him who

Sympathetic to my cause, he takes my hand. "And how did you finally free yourself?"

"Well, someone had to clean me eventually. It ended up being a kindly old hispanic woman. Perlita, her name was. Nice gal, wicked smart too. Knew how to properly word her desires, too. She wished for the obvious, money, but she was wise about it - invested in stocks and her kids and was made better for it. Actually, we're sitting in her house as we speak. I wonder if she knew you were in here."

He shakes his head. "I can assure you that she hasn't cleaned me in a while."

"I assume that you haven't been activated yet?"

"Would I be here if I was?"

"Fair point. Finish your tea. I think I can help you out. Perlita only has one wish left with me until I'm through, but I doubt she'll object to having four. And besides, it looks like you could use a fair master."

"I have to return to the closet soon. I'm running out of power." He's not looking well. His suit is becoming more opaque by the minute, and his face is pale. Genies do not do well out of their proverbial lamps for too long a period.

"I understand. Go back, and give me about thirty minutes, okay?"

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